

HURRAH FOR THE BOOM!

First Week in FEBRUARY.

WAR CRY



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THE DAWN OF A NEW LIFE.

TWILIGHT.

IT WAS winter in the little Saskatchewan Valley. The snow was inches deep, and the frost hung in long streamers from the spruce, the poplar, and willow trees. Along the sleigh track that wound through the bushes, now on the bank, now on the frozen river, moved a solitary, ragged figure. His clothes were ragged, and his moccasins had jagged holes in them, that showed the red socks underneath. I don't suppose that a more miserable looking specimen of humanity could have been found anywhere. As he walked on, his thoughts went back to the comfortable English home he had left a few months before; to his loving mother and father there, to the brothers and sisters and the

happy home he had forfeited by his idleness. Then the details of the parting, and of his old father as he stood on the wharf waving good-bye, passed before his mind's-eye, and then came the longing and the realization of the slowly-tightening chains of sin. Stronger grew his taste for liquor, tobacco and bad company, and as iron hands about him were those habits when he tried to break them. Then the first night in the little Army barracks, and the words of the leader, that seemed burned into his heart and brain: "TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR OWN FRANKS, AND SEE HOW YOU STAND BEFORE GOD," came upon him with supernatural energy. Then the struggle began, and the question, often asked before, and as often left undecided, was asked once more. "ARE THESE PEOPLE RIGHT? I am a failure, as far as doing right is concerned, my good resolutions don't help me. Can they teach me the way to a life of victory over my sin?" "Yes, they ARE right. I am a sin-

ner, and a lost one, too. They say that what I cannot do God will help me to do if I will ask forgiveness. Something must be done, and he shall do it for me."

SUNRISE.

A soul at the penitent-form, thank God! Such a sight had not been seen in that hard little place for months, and the officers rejoiced accordingly. He seemed a hard man to get right. They had prayed and prayed, but still he held out. "Have you given up your sins, my brother?" "No, I didn't know I had to do so." "Then you had better do so." "Lord," cried the penitent, "I leave all my sins if You'll but help." "Will you leave your pipe and other sins you prize?" was the gentle urging of the Spirit. He paused for a moment and weighed the question well. His pipe or his

soul, his sin or his salvation, what was fit to be? A moment's thought decided the question. "Lord," he cried, "I give up all. I'll do anything if You'll but save me."

"I can, I will, and I do rejoice That Jesus saves me now."

was the song which rose around him. "Lord, I do believe." Ah! the burden moves at those words, spoken from the depths of a repentant heart. To that soul the horizon clears, the dark clouds roll away, and the Sun of Righteousness shines, and warms, and illuminates every part with His rays.

"Our brother will give us his testimony." "The brother rises to his feet. 'I believe Jesus has saved me.' 'Shouts of 'Hallelujah'!" It is our ragged brother of the morning. CAPT. H. F. TOOLE.

16 Short Sermons for 1896.

7 A.M. KNEEDRILL.

A Useful Reading for the First Sunday Morning in 1896.



Here's Some More of Dowell's Knock Down Blows.

THE motto of a true Soldier is "Victory."

Test your love with a thermometer till you find it on the boil.

Boiling love sings, fizzes, and explodes. Such love will win the world for Jesus.

Miriam used her lute very freely. Do you use yours, or is it getting dusty and rusty?

Don't heap flowers on a man's coffin if you have not been good to him before he died.

"He that winneth souls is wise."

If you are not winning souls there is something wrong.

"The cross is not greater than His grace."

Don't carry the cross without the grace.

Carrying the cross without the grace is like a boy turning a grindstone and watching his comrades play.

A short life of usefulness is better than a long life of ease.

God does not ask anyone to do impossibilities.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Fancy one-half the angels sleeping Sunday mornings whilst the other half are praising God!

Don't expect God to do for you what you can do for yourself.

If we sit in the house while souls are perishing, God will perhaps destroy both it and us.

I've just returned from the barracks, whither I went for 7 a.m. kneedril. I found but one soldier there, and we spoke of the slack attendance.

It started me musing, and while I mused the fire burned. Why do many of our soldiers lightly esteem kneedril? I'm convinced it's a bad sign. "Oh, it's so early to get up on Sunday." Six days in the week many people get up earlier for their own interests and to serve an earthly master, but Sunday, it's only (?) the interests of Christ's Kingdom, and to serve a heavenly Master.

"But," some bawled, "what good does it do?" There's only half-don't there." I reply, as one who has had a little experience, it does a great deal of good. I note the spiritual life of a corps is always better where they have kneedril than it is where they don't. Why? Because there are a few who are so anxious and concerned for the battle that they must get up on the Lord's Day and go to plead and wrestle for the day's fight. Oh, it's selfish to be in bed when God's work is to be done.

Jacob rose up at night and wrestled till day break, and, as might be expected,

GOD GAVE HIM VICTORY.

Comrades, don't lightly esteem prayer or kneedril. Bible class and Bible study is good, but no practical good will be accomplished without prayer. It's like the beautifully-painted and equipped steamship without the steam.

Some people can run to every Bible class, but can't attend kneedril or holiness meetings. Why? Because their appetite for prayer is poor, and they seek a substitute in Bible study. Now, I don't speak lightly of Bible study. God forbid. He has given us His word for a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. Study it, by all means. But to be successful in winning souls it must be coupled with kneedril. When they told the Apostle James out for harlot they found his knees were encased, hard with kneeling, and he tells us, as one who knows and proved it, that the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much.

Comrade, promise God, for the sake of dying souls, you'll be a kneedril.

LIEUT. OTTAWAY.

A circulation of 500,000 copies is almost assured for the English Christmas Cry. Bravo, John!

Colonel Barker has been doing some glorious things during his visit to Denmark. The Copenhagen Shelter opening drew many of the leaders of society. At night, in the Helgeaengade, the large audience was powerfully won by the Spirit of God and fourteen souls came to the cross. He has taken the Concert Platz—probably the finest hall in Europe—for a great demonstration. The prospects are charming.

OUR Free-and-Easy!

All Sing:—

"Oh, the drunkard may come, and the swearer may Backsliders and sinners are all welcome home; If you will but believe and be led into the blood, For ever and ever you may dwell with the Lord."

Half Drunk, but He Got Saved!

Robert Pearsall, of Hamilton, will now Tell His Tale.

When I look back on my past experience, I cannot find words to express my gratitude to God for the peace He gives me from day to day. About seven years ago I first met the Army, and through its instrumentality I was brought to see myself a sinner.

At the moment I felt the Lord was calling me. I obeyed, and yielded to the striving of His Spirit, and gave myself entirely into His hands. Then I started to work for Him as a soldier, and did so for about two years. With the devil came none and got me looking at the lives of others instead of Christ, consequently I kept getting colder and colder in my soul. The devil having got the victory over me, he kept on leading me from one thing to another until he had me taking a social glass with my ungodly companions. I tried to convince myself that there was no harm in taking a social glass, but after some time I proved it was the means of getting me further into sin, until I became a total wreck. Although I continued on in this way for five years, I always felt that God had not taken His Spirit from me. I knew that God was willing to accept me back to the fold, only I was not willing to come.

About a year ago I came to Hamilton a poor, miserable backslider. While standing at the City Hall one night I thought of what I was going to do, as I had spent all my money on liquor, and it seemed as if every companion had forsaken me, my attention was drawn by the sound of the Army drum. This cheered me. They marched to where I was standing and formed a ring.

As I listened to the comrades give their experience one after the other to the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ, I felt that there was yet a chance for me, as I knew some of their past lives were just the same as mine.

I followed them to the barracks. As I listened to the different experiences I felt if I did not give my heart to God that night probably I would not have another chance. The devil tried to convince me the Salvation Army was not what it was preached to be, and there was no use in my starting again, as I had made a failure of it in the past. So I started to leave the barracks, but, thank God, before I got

to the door, His Spirit took such a hold of me that it was impossible for me to leave the barracks, so I took another seat.

Captain Frink then gave the invitation. All those who wanted rest in their souls found it at the feet of Jesus. I felt my need more than ever, and started for the penitential form. Being so convicted, and half drunk at the time, I could hardly reach there, but, thank God, when I started I was clothed with the determination to go in for all God and for His name. He broke the power of sin, and I rose to my feet a sinner, and I have been sober ever since. Although I got the victory over drink that night, yet there were other inward sins which were holding me back from doing the whole will of God.

But, praise God, He is leading me on day by day. I feel now I have made a full surrender of my will, and He gives me grace day by day, and I pray that this experience will prove a blessing to those who once profess to be Christians. God all the way, but through disobedience have gone back into sin.

ROBERT PEARSALL.

Reader, if you have a good story to tell, will you kindly send it to the Editor for this column, and mark it "Free-and-Easy."

Told in Bivouac.

Do not Trifle with Eternal Interests.

A MEETING was being held at a Army outpost, when a few giddy girls seated themselves in the back of the building for the purpose of indulging in light amusements. Before closing Lieutenant asked if there were any present who wished to be saved or prayed for, and would they raise their hand. Whereupon one of a distinguished character, repeatedly and contemptuously threw up both hands in mockery of that was said. "I will want to be prayed for soon," said the Lieutenant, as he earnestly pointed to the people.

A few days after a young man came to our quarters saying that the same girl was not expected to live, as would we visit her? In haste we went to her home and entered the room. I don't think that I shall forget her look of despair as she cried "NOT SAVED! NOT SAVED!"

The dying girl was dealt with, prayers were offered, but oh, how brave seemed the heavens. Outside, the night was dark, the tempest raged, but oh, how discomfiting were the groans of the suffering girl! She would with tears refuse to the matter that she attended, and despised the pleadings of a loving Savior. In a little while the shades of death gathered about her, and in her agony she went to meet a rejected Christ.

"Reprieve, Rebuke, Exhort!"

I can tell a much happier story than the above. Last Sunday night a most impressive meeting was conducted at Lippincott Street barracks, Toronto. Two interesting young ladies, set through that meeting a fervent earnestness and a most evident earnestness in service. About 9:30 p.m., Edwin Byers, the officer in charge, rebuked them. The women were much stirred in spirit and spoke fearfully straight. A night or so after these young ladies separated, one it was alleged, to go to a ball the other, thank God, went to the same place where she had been so gently rebuked, and there as a penitent at the penitential form, sought the forgiveness of sin.—J.H.

Reader, if you know of anything similar to the truth of which you can reach for, please send it to the Editor, marked "Told in Bivouac."

Commissioner Rickard and Colonel and Mr. Lagergren have also been at L. H. Q. in conference with the chief of staff upon important advances and developments in service.

Requests to open Army work in Constantinople and Vienna, the capital cities of Turkey and Austria respectively, have been received at the Foreign Office. Austria in Vienna, our liberal assistance if we will open up our work there.



MONTANA MINERS.—And who shall say how many of them will yet wear red guernseys, aye, and lead the Lord's hosts under the Army flag!

Xmas Day Witness Box.

JOSHUA'S TESTIMONY.

THIS has been the fourteenth Christmas God has enabled me to spend in His service. Thirteen of these have been spent in the S. A. ranks, and during my nine years of officership I have always found the grace of God sufficient. I love the Army, its principles and nothing more to-day than ever, I have the greatest confidence in our leaders, and feel they are led by God, and I have always taken my appointments as from Him. I have had Victory every step of the way, and by trusting in Him.

HE KEEPS MY LIFE PURE.

and to-day I have a conscience void of offence toward God and man. I strive to have something definite done for God in each meeting. My motto is "Holiness to the Lord," and my greatest study is to show myself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, praying for heavenly guidance and wisdom to rightly divide the word of truth. By His help, I will be a loyal soldier. Yours in Jesus,

CAPT. JOSHUA JONES,

Oshawa, Ontario.

(This was unavailingly crowded out of last week's Cry.—Ed.)

Like Alpha climbers, our own safety is in steadfastly fixing our gaze on Him, our Guide, and following step by step the path He trod, that He might know all the dangers and difficulties that beset our way. And we may be sure He will never lead us farther or faster than we can safely follow.—Rose Porter.

Holiness Nuggets.

To do out of all self-will, with Christ on the cross, is the most effectual prayer that can be offered. There is no passage to Salem but through this straight gate. The creature would choose any other but this: this, however, is the chosen of God.

When you have thus died, you will find a new life: you will have no thorns in God, and God in all things. Even in passing this straight gate, there will be comforts and consolations given, if needed.

Some of the martyrs have found a bed of roses in a furnace of fire. At any rate, there is no remedy. You would choose a march that will bring you into this city: there is only one gate—that is at the end of THIS PASS OF DEATH to our own will in all things.

There is one gift of God which you may reach after, in your inner man, constantly, and without doubtfulness or fear of illusions—a love which is worthy of Him. All stability and quietness of spirit are cradled up in this, beside a thousand minor things which cannot be named—all, however, valuable and pleasant. The solidity alone of this Love is worth a thousand worlds ten times told. If your heart goes out after it, it is **SURE** to come.

The simplicity of an infant in the hands of God will do wonders: but a child on stilts is the weakest of all soldiers to march against the enemy.

A meek and lowly sighing after the Blessed One, night and day, morning, noon, and night, well mixed with patience when idols are pulled down, hosiery-torn up by the roots, temptations down, and Satan rampant in the narrow and safe path to honor, and glory, and eternal life.

The voice of the Spirit in the heart—if listened to, will lead the voiceless cross—and bridge to a cross—the cross—at the same time hardly interfering with a sense of freedom. The safe path, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, is to take up the cross. In doing this, if mistaken, though this will happen very rarely, if ever, though it may seem to do so frequently, we grow stronger and stronger in God.

All those whom God chooses to work for Him are put through a preparatory course of discipline. Moses was a long time in the wilderness before he saw the glory of God in the cloud. Many of our moderns, and many other ancient worthies, did not enter upon their task—of which they had been forewarned—immediately. The first 30 years of our Saviour's life are a blank to us. When the most Blessed wills, a deep notch may be cut quickly upon the stick of time.

While man is man, and in himself, "wages" righteousness he may be, he is an abomination to God, make his pretended faith, preachings, teachings, "prayings," and washings in the "blood of the Lamb." It is only as he is crucified to his own nature, and becomes One Spirit with Him who is at the right hand of the Majesty on high, that he is accepted truly and fully, and that the invisible appears in sight, and He is glorified in the open eye. His mind and will known and felt, and the character and quality of all men and all teachings tested in the inner man, as naturally as food is tasted and relished by the senses of the outer.

The Pharisaic spirit always at a distance, as the Spirit of Christ, when at its distance, as in the Prophets: but when it is brought in, and the door is opened, it is not against it as blasphemous, contradictory, and absurd.

Prayer without fasting is a mystery which was not cast upon, but is as easy as breathing the vital air to those who have come under subjection to the Life of Christ in their hearts, and walk in the Spirit.

The true and safe path, however, is to be constant in child-like cross-taking, watchful walking, and humble love. ALL good is met with, sooner or later, in this path.

"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."
(MY MOTTO)From Mrs. Booth's
OFFICE TABLE.

How many there are up and down the country who gratefully remember the ministering hands of dear MRS. ENSIGN LANGTRY, and who will be glad to hear a word or two of testimony from her. Owing to the failing health of her aged mother, it was necessary that she should remain at home for awhile. She writes in a comforting strain, as usual, "I wish I could help you," she says, "I do pray for you and dear Commandant. I love you both with a true love. I keep asking God to open up the way



MRS. ENSIGN LANGTRY,
of House of Rest fame.

for me to get back, some time, to do something in the Army, which I love so much. I have to watch and pray to keep right in my soul constantly. . . . My dear mother is very weak. She sends her love to you. When I read your letter to her, the tears were running down her cheeks. I feel so sorry to think of the trouble and suffering you have had to go through, but God will be very near to you."

By almost the same mail, curiously enough, comes a letter from Mrs. Langtry's daughter, STAFF-CAPT. MRS. SOUTHALL, at Kingston. "Surely," she says, "you will never forget Canada. Your trials have been almost more than one could stand. While you have been passing thro' the fire we have been praying for you, and now we rejoice with you. God has given you many great victories here, and I believe a work is being done for Canada which will LAST. It has meant a lot more suffering for the Commandant and you than we shall ever know, but it has not been in vain. . . . We are all well. My little ones are so healthy, for which I praise God. We are very happy in everything. I think the danger, which anxious about home affairs and the work, how apt one is to neglect the most important. I have learnt a lesson in that, and I am thankful."

In these two letters we have the four generations represented, all on the road to Heaven. How beautiful—the same God enough for the grand-mother, the mother, the daughter, and her children!

MRS. ADJUTANT GAGE sends a few touching words of testimony and commendation with the manifold cares of a corps, and her little ones, too, can echo: "I know that Jesus does abide with me, and lives in me, to help me, or I feel I never could have gone this far. I know I love my work, in whatever sphere I am placed. I feel my whole soul is wrapped up in it. It is no draggery for me to go into it, whether fighting, cross-riding, or anything. I delight to do it. But, with three or four little ones, one cannot be always at the front. I have always sought to be a blessing to my own home—could not do much for the public—and a stay and help to my husband, to keep his spirits up, and

also to train my children for the Army, but after all, I often wonder if it possible for a mother never to feel impatient, and always to maintain a cool, calm, mild disposition, no matter what goes wrong, or comes or goes? I find there are so many cares come crowding in upon you to prevent you having your own times of communion and prayer. Just when I have made up my mind to have a time alone with God, one of the babies will cry, and then something else will turn up to hinder me. Still, I do get some moments with God, but I feel I need so much more! . . . I am so sorry for your anxiety about your baby. I have had that experience when we lost our eldest and beloved boy, our Herby, seven years. Oh, we miss him as much yet. I trust yours will grow strong. How we love those—our children. Each one fills its special corner in our heart's affections."

And how many among our officers can respond to this heart-cry for souls—souls? Oh, may the Lord give us nothing less than a Calvary passion for souls, that means day and night in our homes till we are rest satisfied with nothing else. After some messages of warm love and loyalty, MRS. ENS. BRADLEY continues: "I believe God is with you when you suffer, and through it we are blessed. We have darkness, too, and need of courage and faith, for we find enemies of truth right in the very midst of us, when we are faithful in dealing with individuals. I am not satisfied with my work as a soul-winner. I don't mean to say we got no souls saved; we got some, thank God, but think you can understand what I mean—I am not as successful as I believe. I believe there are greater possibilities as a soul-winner, and I am longing to know God's way. I can't help feeling that I should not go longing to see souls saved, and yet have my longings unsatisfied. I believe we should have an insatiable craving for souls all the time, and I believe we should be getting them. God has given me the desires of my soul in so many ways. I feel as if my target for souls had been set! The Ensign and I are one in feeling our lives, our interests, are all bound in the Army. May God keep us ever so."

May God bless these comrades, who are so in earnest about the welfare of souls!

ENSIGN WARD, who received orders for Ottawa, has left her beloved work at London, where she has toiled early and late with unflinching energy to make the House of Rest a true success.

It is beautiful to notice the way she received and followed out her sudden instructions, without question or argument. She writes: "I feel quite satisfied if it is the Lord's will that I leave London. I am contented that I have done all I could. God bless you very much. Yours to follow."

ADJUTANT COWAN, whose state of health has kept her in comparative inaction, has sufficiently recovered her strength to undertake an appointment. She follows Ensign Ward to the London House of Rest, saying: "You can always depend on me," she repeats, "and if ever I could do anything to help you and the Commandant, no matter what it be, I shall be ready and glad. Please pray for me. I need God's help. I do believe He will give me the desire of my heart in the salvation of souls."

Sir Henry Parkes has given a new definition of the Salvation Army, which, on the whole, we like better than the current one of "the latest sect." Speaking at a meeting in North Sydney, he said: "I recognize the Salvation Army as an industriously organized arm of the Church of Jesus Christ."

THE WAR CRY PLATFORM.



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH
SPEAKS:

FOUND OUT AT LAST.

(An incident for reading at Watch-night meeting.)

"A CLERGYMAN left the Old Country to come to America to continue his mission among the unsaved. He had been advised, I believe, by his physician to try the climate of the United States. He sailed on one of those great ocean grey-hounds, and at the same time and on the same ship there sailed a well-known friend and criminal. The criminal became acquainted with the clergyman, who, not knowing the record of the man with whom he was associating, very soon became attached to him. The clergyman was taken sick during the latter part of the voyage, and during his illness the criminal, with patience and with every consideration, nursed him, and thus the clergyman became additionally fond of the criminal. Just before passing away, for he died on the voyage, he gave the criminal all his papers, credentials, and introduction to the bishop. When the criminal arrived on this side he impersonated the clergyman, and the bishop and presented to him the certificate or recommendation of the clergyman. By-and-by he was offered a church and preached there the sermons that the clergyman had made, with some considerable degree of power and success. It was not known that the criminal impersonated the clergyman until he came to his dying bed, when he confessed the whole truth, to the utter amazement and chagrin of his congregation. You cannot do with God what the criminal did with the bishop. When you have left this life; when you have thrown off this mortal clay; when you stand before the great white throne, God will look straight at you, and see you as you are, and He will say: 'As the tree falls so shall it lie; as he was on earth before Me, so shall he be before Me throughout eternity.' There is one gate through which hypocrites never pass. There is one door that forever swings in the face of the Superficial Christian, and that is the door of high Heaven. Oh, if there is a Superficial Christian here, come to the cross; come just now; for, blessed come! the precious blood of Jesus cleanses from all unrighteousness, and from sin."

A 15-LINE LIFE STORY.

Captain Curry.

Born at Tweed, Ont.—Brought up Methodist—Tattooed a four sample—Smoked, drank and swore—S. A. comes—Puzzled him at first—But got him at last—Definite work—Became soldier—Cared—Ran home—Felt bad about it—Came back to Training Home—Lieutenant at Richmond St.—Then did business at Carleton, N.B. (four days). Bear River, Springfield (four days), Building Department, Dieppe, N.B., Halifax, N.S., Newville, Clark's Harbor, Carleton, and is now at Amnapolis—Saved, happy, and lots of it.

In the World.

Are You Square Here?

John Maloney, an expressman, lives with his wife in a single room at 133 Ontario street, a house rented by one Thomas Blake. It is said the husband has been on a spree for a month or so, and that when he came home last night he was under the influence of liquor.

About 1.30 this morning the lady of the house had her attention called to Maloney's room by a peculiar noise. She opened the door and went in. There she found the unfortunate woman sitting on the side of the bed, without a particle of clothing, with a bucket of water beside her, and a rag in her hand, busily engaged in washing a ghastly wound in her throat extending almost from ear to ear.

The police were at once notified and the woman removed to the General Hospital, where it was found necessary to put twelve stitches in the wound. There is a possibility she may recover, although the chances are against it.

The above happened in "Toronto the good" recently. The Telegram, from which this account is taken, blames the wifely conduct. It is to blame this way: Cut-throat, saloon, license, voter.

The next time you vote, think of that poor woman nipping the blood from her laggard's neck. Think that your man goes with all his weight for prohibition.

Peace—Not War!

What a heartless discord has been introduced amongst the people of the British Empire and the Republic, at the time when "peace on earth" should have been the watchword between them. How far short of their high moral destiny amongst the nations they have fallen! They can no longer be all this, disputing about a few thousand acres of South American mud, while in Armenia our fellow Christians fall beneath the cruel lust of an abominable tyranny.

War? was between the British Empire and the Republic! It must not be. It would be the greatest, the most hideous wholesale crime the world has seen for centuries. It would strike at our home circles, and lay the young men of America and Canada under the grasp by tens of thousands, it would fill our country with widows and orphans.

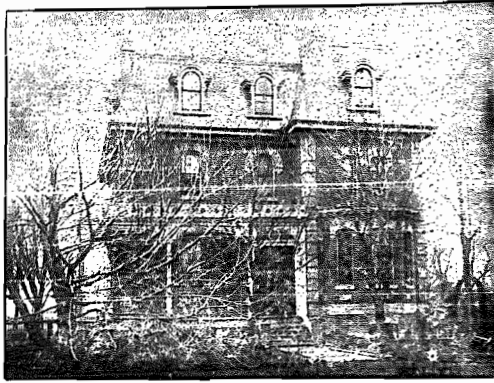
No, no! Let the Empire and the Republic be "friendly competitors" in industrial pursuits; let them join hands in demanding justice and fair play for the oppressed everywhere; let them unite to command peace amongst the nations of the world, but let them never besmear their standards with the blood of a fratricidal war, which would cost millions of lives, shed an ocean of blood, produce commercial disaster, and leave a gaping wound between the two peoples unhealed for a century. "Blessed are the peace-makers," and they will be heard at Heaven's throne on this matter, as well as amongst their political leaders. God deliver us from war!

Japan.

It is reported that there is a strong Buddhist revival going on in the Japanese Empire. The Church has been stirred up by the invasion of Manchuria, and within recent years Buddhist papers have been organized, and the Japanese press is full of articles about religious matters. Our forces have been advancing in Japan a moment too soon; the fields there are ripe for harvest. A prominent missionary leader, who has spent some 25 or 30 years in Japan, said recently that with caution and careful procedure for the first two or three years, there was nothing to prevent the Army sweeping the whole country before it. No greater authority on ecclesiastical work in Japan exists than the Rev. Dr. who gave the above as his opinion. God speed the Jap Salvation War!

An Army Job—Vancouver.

At a recent City Council meeting in Vancouver, the Rev. H. G. F. Clinton



RESCUE HOME, PARKDALE.

appealed for relief work for unemployed men during winter, and suggested that the city provide a room where bunks could be put up, and with a cooking stove for preparing victuals. About \$200 outlay would meet the cost, he thought. Alderman Brown thought \$1,000 would be needed to carry out such a scheme, and he would prefer giving the \$200 to the Salvation Army and letting them provide for the unemployed. Another alderman, referring to the tramps who might be attracted to the city, remarked that the best way to get rid of the tramps was to starve them out. Alderman Gallagher said there was a real need for such an institution as Rev. Clinton suggested, but he favored letting the Salvation Army have the management. To all of which we reply, here is the Salvation Army, day in its Shelters it will feed 25,000 people of the class under discussion. The Army has handled this kind of work now for some years, it is getting into the run of the thing, and will do the task of providing work, warmth, and food for men, with an honest attempt all the time to elevate them morally, is no easy matter, yet it is willing to try. Vancouver could not do more wisely than follow the example of her sister city, Victoria, and get an Army Food and Shelter, with wood-grain attached.



This is a picture of William Young, the farm hand who, a while since, murdered his employer in a Monterey county ranch, and who was executed at Quentin.

Young, so the papers say, was an ignorant German, twenty-three years of age, and addicted to drink. In his cups he was a fiend, but when sober he was a gentle, big-hearted booby. Three hours before he mounted the scaffold he said that he deserved death as a just punishment for the killing of his employer, yet, in the same breath, he declared that he never meant to commit murder. Both of them were intoxicated, he said, but as near as he could recollect the gun was discharged accidentally.

... But I killed the man, and the law says I must die. I make no protest. I believe I should suffer for my crime. I could never be happy again anyway. I have no friends, no home. The only persons who have

come to comfort me in my hours of trouble are the members of the Salvation Army. They have told me that Jesus is, and I have asked His mercy. I have felt much stronger and better prepared to meet death since I have been in communion with the Salvation Society.

Poor fellow! "Gentle, big-hearted," but "in his cups a fiend." You see where the blame really lies?

Salvation for Body and Soul.

A RESCUE HOME VISIT.

Let me take you, dear reader, in imagination, to the Rescue Home in Parkdale, Toronto. It is a large building on Janss Avenue. A few days since, when I called, I was shown over it by the Lieutenant. There are eighteen women there, and five officers in charge. The Lieutenant told me some sad stories of some of the dear girls, but with prayer and kindness some of them have been saved. There are in the Home some who are looking for situations. None are sent out but those who can be well recommended. I asked the Lieutenant about the work. "Oh," he said, "It is glorious work. I was for some time a field officer, but oh, I love this work! While I hate the sin, I love the sinner, and the lower down they get the more I seem to love them. And oh, we do have some grand times. Sunday evenings we have

SOME LOVELY MEETINGS

with the dear girls. Although we have much to discourage us in the work, still, praise God, He does bless us. We want to tell you of one girl who was in the Home. She was such a trouble to us, and used to try and lead the others astray, so that the Adjutant had to send her away. Some time after this, one of our officers was at the Police Station (you know we go there every second day in the summer). This same girl was there. The Magistrate gave her the choice of going to the Rescue Home or the Reformatory. She decided she would come to us. Now, praise God, she is beautifully saved. I could tell you of others in the same way."

"Are not the Commandant and Mrs. Booth very much interested in this work?"

"Oh, yes, it has a very warm place in their hearts."

And now, reader, do you not think you can do something to help these dear officers, who work behind the scenes? May God bless every one of them, and may many a poor, weary, broken heart find, through the instrumentality of the Home, the "Friend of Sinners," for in Him and His person there is a panacea for every sore.

M. MAIRIOTT.

God gives us our choices. We can serve Him and have His blessing here, in this world, and finally a home in Heaven, or serve the devil and spend an eternity in hell. Which will you do? Which will you help others to do?

Capt. Yorke Dead!

Married for Five Weeks, and then Lays Down the Sword for a Crown.

A few weeks ago we announced the wedding of an old friend and comrade, Captain Yorke, then stationed at a Boston, Mass., corps. It is our painful duty to now inform our readers that this young, capable and talented officer has been summoned home, and is now in the ranks of the glorified hosts above. On behalf of those who knew our departed comrade, for he was widely known, from Newfoundland to Toronto, and on behalf of the whole field, we wish to convey to the sorrowing wife of only a few weeks our deepest and most sincere sympathy in this time of anguish. May the God of all love comfort her and strengthen her heart!

We clip the following account of the funeral from the *Fredericton Farmer*, Dec. 18, 1895—

The funeral services of Captain Yorke, of the Salvation Army, who died at Boston, Mass., on Tuesday last, took place at the Army Headquarters, 124th street, on Wednesday, 12th inst. Captain Yorke had just six weeks that night been married at the People's Temple before a large assemblage of people.

From 10 to 12 o'clock, says the *Boston Record*, the remains rested in state, and a continual procession of people passed by for a last look at the fair-haired young soldier. There were no signs of curiosity, but all seemed filled with grief, and men and women alike held handkerchiefs to their eyes. The most affecting incident was that of a poor old man who went over the coffin, and cried, "What shall I do? He was the means of saving me, he lifted me up out of the gutter."

Among the floral tributes was a cross and wreath, with the words "Victory," from the Cambridge corps. A crowd of girls filled with their "Crown" in blue immortelles, from friends in Waterbury, Conn., and also a square of roses from Hiram Lodge, No. 42, Masons of Waterbury. At the head of the coffin there was a pillow of roses and pinks, with the words, "Our Beloved Captain," from Boston II. corps. Besides these there were scattered on the foot of the coffin flowers of roses, violets, and other flowers sent by loving friends.

The funeral services were conducted by Colonel Eadie, of New York. The young wife of Captain Yorke, his brother and intimate friends occupied the front of the coffin. Mrs. Yorke's weeping was pitiful to witness. Brigadier Brewer spoke, taking for his text, "Jesus wept," and "Behold how He loved him." The line of the coffin was taken up by Mount Hope Cemetery, where the remains were interred.

They had Their Eyes Opened.

We were in the large hall of the Temple, listening to an impromptu organ recital by Professor Little, of the Harmonic Hurlers, and delectating on the glories of music, when up jumped our entertainer and said, "Two words. I was killed in a fine large house in one of the places visited by the Naval Brigade. The folks were dead against the Army, the old gentlemen having any kindly feelings for me, and they told us this themselves, and said they wouldn't have taken any Salvationists but for him. Nothing was too hard for them to say about the Army. After that I was taken to a place where the whole house was changed. They had completely turned, and were loud in their praises of our work. It was marvelous! I never saw anything like it. It shows what music will do."

It is only when the Lord's forces are divided that the devil gains a victory.

No man wants to be a saint until he finds out what it is to be a saint.

A New Year's Message

From BRIGADIER SCOTT.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Eastern Province:

My Dear Comrades—

Here this appears in print, we shall be sleeping into another year. Busy, and as active as it may be, we must do something for God and our fellow-men. MUST! MUST!!

Cannot we look back to much of God's goodness and beautiful care through thirty-five, and cannot we say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"? Yes, indeed we can. Further, cannot we look back at the glorious accomplishments in and through the name of Jesus, of souls won and taken for the King of Glory? Methinks I hear your heart respond a mighty "Yes."

Now, let us look forward! onward! upward! Go on, my comrades, Christ leads the way, guides the ship, holds the reins, clears the track, cheers the faint, is joy in sorrow, Heaven on earth, is ALL AND IN ALL. Hallelujah!

What shall we do? There is another before us, I ask what shall it be? It will be just what we make it, for blessing, usefulness, soul-saving, and divine advancement in the Divine life. My comrades, let it be a good one, "The best you ever knew."

PRAY MORE. Pray God to help you, your comrades, your leaders, the Army, the General, the Commissioners, your brothers, your sisters, your fathers, your mothers, your children—yes, pray for all men, and pray earnestly for a

HARVEST OF SOULS.

FIGHT MORE. In the open-air, in the barracks, in the workshop, kitchen, morning, noon, and night, fight! FIGHT! FIGHT! Fight for souls, souls, souls! We must have souls! Remember,

"Jesus is strong to deliver,
Jesus is mighty to save."

THE CHILDREN. Yes, my comrades, we must give attention to the lambs, the tender twins, the coming Army. The children can be saved. God must be the victor on this line. "Suffer little children," let us not be guilty of "forbidding them." Urge them to come. Meet with them.

YOURSELF! Be good. Be an outstanding Salvationist, red-hot for God and souls. Hot, my comrades, hot! Warm-hearted, loving, forgiving, bearing and forbearing, kind, full of courage, hope, and faith.

My time is up. This is hastily written. "The King's business requires haste. Be quick, and save souls! Hurry!"

"The time is fast fleeting,
Its moments are few."

Whatever the past may have been, let this coming year be one of joy and success in His service. It can be. Shall it? I believe so.

To you, my Eastern comrades, I send these few words, filled with love and gratitude to Him for all His goodness. I urge upon you to go on faster than ever to save men and women from Satan's grasp and eternal destruction. Rely on the prayers and sympathy of Mrs. Scott and myself. Accept our best wishes for your happiness and joy in 1905. May Heaven bless and guide you.

Yours for earth and Heaven,

T. W. SCOTT.

THE GOOD SHIP "SALVATIONIST"

On her Mission of Mercy.

"Salvationists" the Harbors and Coves of the Island Colony.

We visited DOUBLE ISLAND. The people were not coming in, and when they saw us coming they thought it was a dry fish vessel. But in we went into the harbor, with the yellow, red and blue flying at the top. We stayed over Sunday, and at night you could see them coming in small boats from all parts of the harbor, until the little barracks were filled. In the prayer meeting one dear man came and knelt at the cross. Our



A SCENE FROM ORIENTAL LIFE.

next place was HOPEDALE. Here we hoped to see some of our Eskimau friends, but they were all out to the islands fishing, preparing for the winter season.

TURNARVICK was our next port of call, it being in the early part of the week. We thought we would not be able to stay over Sunday, as the time was getting short. But owing to the mail boat being so late, we had to stay until Monday. The people were very anxious for us to stay with them, so we began to do something for Jesus. At 11 a.m. you could see a large blue and white flag flying on a pole near the church, which soon caused a crowd to gather. At 3 p.m. quite a good crowd came. At night we went in with all our hearts but no one seemed to be sufficiently anxious.

At ABLAVICK we met a dear brother who for many years fought against God, but during the past winter sought and found Jesus, and now delights in praising Him. His name being Daniel, he declared that the Army will have a "Daniel" as long as they stay in the town in which he lives.

At IOLTON the people were very anxious for us to pay them a visit. It came up to be on the move a little earlier, as we had a distance of sixty miles to go. We got there all right, and found the friends ready to give us a real welcome. On Wednesday we weighed anchor and started for INDIAN HARBOR. We were informed by a certain friend that they wanted us to come there very much. We got there all O.K. Lieut. Bishop, the first mate, and Cadet Sparks, the cook, started off to visit some of the soldiers and friends. Lieut. Barry, Cadet Norman, and your humble servant, went off to the hospital to visit and talk with the sick. We had the privilege of pointing them to Jesus, the sinners' Friend.

(To be continued.)

You can't scare the man who gets his courage from the Lord.

Ah! the Divine wisdom and heavenly beauty lying under the surface of those words, "Neither run before, nor lag behind." Ah! the unsearchable behavior of doing the will of God—of being a faithful servant, in never so little a matter, for Him. Ah! the fatality, the egregious folly, the madness—the stark staring madness—of being careful for anything, whatever, saying only loving Him entirely, and doing His will perfectly.

ing, brought on a severe sickness. After passing through very severe pain, a calmness settled over the sufferer for a few hours. At this momentous time a nurse asked our comrade the question, "If you had departed when you were in so much pain, how would it have been with your soul?"

In answer the nurse received the positive assurance that all was well. "Are you prepared to leave your friends, husband, and your children—the baby about three months old—in the hands of God?"

"Yes," said she, "I am fully prepared to live or die."

On Tuesday, Nov. 22nd, she answered the call. Thursday afternoon found a large number of people to the service in the barracks. We had a funeral march, headed by the brass band, followed by a large number of soldiers. Crowds lined the streets, voices blocked the thoroughfares, and on no previous occasion have we had a more impressive outdoor service. Every bandsman felt for their co-soldiers in the church, and every note seemed to tell of the depth of love they had for their comrade. The music had its effect, for it stirred many to a recollection of the past and the presence of the Lord. Following Sunday, at the memorial service, we had the assistance of Ensign Watson. God blessed our meeting. Six came out for salvation. Hallelujah!

"ALL IS WELL!"

HOW A SOLDIER DIES.

Sergt.-Major Geddes has been called away from Berlin to glory. He professed conversion among the United Brethren, but gradually grew cold in his soul, until he practically ceased to make any profession.

"I DON'T WANT TO FROWN, CAPTAIN."

A Triumphant Entrance for a Victorious Victoria Comrade.

"Yes, to the grave, but the crown as well.
A warrior zone, but in Heaven to dwell.
Sorrow's night is ended, Jesus' cause defended—
Gone, the heavenly choir to swell."

It is with feelings of inexpressible sadness that we record the promotion to glory of our sister comrade, Mrs. Webber, the wife of our band-sergeant.

During her long illness, she suffered much, but amidst the pain, her testimony was always bright. A few days before God called her, while Captain Cowan sat by her bedside, she said, "I don't want to frown, Captain, the pain is so severe; but Jesus helps me to bear it."

She wished to live for the sake of her husband and her dear little girl, but expressed herself as being perfectly resigned to God's will, and left her loved ones in His hands.

"Walking and talking with Jesus, my Lord," was one of the songs that she sang a few hours before passing away to be with Him.

Some years ago she, with her husband, began to tread the soldier's pathway, and since that time they have faithfully plodded on together. Our bereaved comrade feels the parting sorely, but is proving the sufficiency of Him who has seen fit to take her.

A memorial meeting was held on Sunday, led by Captain Cowan and Sandra Patterson. Many hearts were touched as our sister's consistent life and triumphant death were spoken of.

The band-sergeant, although deeply feeling his loss, expressed his determination to carry out her parting injunction—"Be good, be true; meet me in Heaven."—A. E. R.

"I AM FULLY PREPARED."

A Montreal Warrior Changes Her Cross for a Robe and Crown.

Sister Mrs. J. Thompson has been promoted to glory. A few days previous to her summons, she was in attendance at the Sunday night meeting in the Temple, well, and in her customary vigor. Just a child, the night preceding the day of Thanksgiving,



SERG.-MAJOR GEDDES, Berlin.

When the S. A. came to Berlin, he from the first seemed very much interested in it, and during the time of persecution gave considerable assistance, in his official capacity, and in maintaining order. He finally came forward in a holiness meeting, consecrated himself fully to God, and was ever afterwards ready to obey the Lord's will. God had done for him. He became a soldier shortly after this, and for the last five years has been Sergt.-Major.

He was a thorough Salvationist, fully understanding and endorsing the Army's principles and methods.

Although unwell for a number of years, yet the end came rather suddenly, his only being confined to his bed for a few days. During his illness I visited him several times, and when enquired of as to the state of his soul, he was always able to give the answer, "All is well." About two hours before his death I said to him, "Well, Brother Geddes, you're nearing the river, aren't you?" He nodded his head, being unable to speak. I again asked him if all was well, and he said it was. He helped his hands across the river, and again he nodded assent.

We buried him on Tuesday, December 3rd. We had a very impressive service at the barracks, attended by about three hundred people. Rev. Mr. Scott, to whose church some of our departed comrade's family belong, took part in the service. — C. J. Slinger, Captain.

LOOK OUT! NEXT WEEK'S 'CRY' THE GENERAL'S AUSTRALASIAN CAMPAIGN.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

*A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
the glorification of the saved, together with the propaga-
tion of the Salvation Army in all lands.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation
Army Headquarters, Toronto.*

1896.

Good morning!

New Year's greetings to all.

May 1896 excel all previous years in blessing and prosperity.

We desire this for every person in Northwest America, Canada, and Newfoundland.

MRS. BOOTH.

Although prevented from doing public work, Mrs. Booth is busily engaged at Headquarters during the Commandant's absence in England. Here while he is putting in long hours every day at the office, helping the direction of affairs, with her wise and firm counsel, inspiration, and constant good cheer.

THE EVER-RECURRING PROBLEM.

In another column there is a reference to the City Council's meeting at Vancouver, when the need of some sort of a shelter and labor yard was discussed.

There is no doubt that the subject of "the unemployed" will continually come up, not only at Vancouver, but in every other city of any importance, until the municipalities set themselves seriously to work to provide employment for the "out-of-works."

One thing is plain, viz., that no man willing to work should be denied employment. If there is no employment to be found through the ordinary channels, then work should be made. In connection with the development of manufacturing machinery, and the keen struggle for a livelihood, which is the rule everywhere in these highly-competitive days, there will of necessity be much displacement of labor and continual "wastage" into the ranks of the submerged. For such unfortunate as these, it is the bounden duty of municipalities or other governing bodies to provide a way back to an honest livelihood. Even the tramps must not be starved, as was suggested at the meeting before-mentioned; the only starvation we could tolerate would be the voluntary starvation of men who preferred that state to work.

The General's Scheme, as set forth in his "Darkest England" book, meets the case. It finds food and lodging for the hungry man at the moment, it then transports him to the School of Agriculture, or Farm Colony, outside the city, where he can learn under skilled men how to earn a living out of the land, and finally it sets him down on a well-stocked farmstead, with everything to his hand, and stands by him there till the once out-of-work is properly on his feet. This is the kind of plan that ought to do, and what it has done, with the exception of the last stage, and that, too, will be accomplished as soon as the site for the Over-Sea Colony can be agreed upon.

It is something of this kind that every considerable city must have sooner or later; common humanity demands such a provision, let alone Christianity. Two processes may be expensive, but in the long run not more so, we think, than the present lack of system, which no doubt indirectly produces heavy costs to us all.

With this material in mind, we prepared to take the work in hand, we respectfully submit that they call in

the aid of the Army, which is admittedly by almost everybody to be specially qualified to deal with this kind of work, and which can give an account of itself fully answering to the claims it puts forward.

FOR 1896.

The closing of the old year and the dawning of the new reminds us again of the flight of time. Like travellers in a fast express, we are being whirled along. We catch glimpses of surrounding objects as we pass, but they are soon gone from sight. Day and night succeed each other as rain into weeks, and months, and years, and we are aware. It seems but yesterday since as children we woke the echoes with our shouts of childish glee, when days were like years, and we looked forward an interminable distance to manhood; now we stand midway in life, youth's poetic mirage has given place to the hard, cold facts of the great, shining, selfish, cruel world, and pondering just ahead, down the valley but a short distance, loom the shadows of that goal to which all men travel. Many of our companions have already passed out of sight in young manhood; our turn must surely come. In view of these things, what shall we do with our life during the coming year? Shall the material things of earth absorb us? Shall gold, pleasure, fame, ambition, self, rule our hearts? What? A child of time and eternity play with worldly toys that perish in the using; trifle till the hand stiffens in death, and the closed eyes will no longer look on earth's vanities, and then go from his little heaven he made here into the Great Future a spiritual bankrupt? Nay, rather let us take one and all yield up ourselves to that highest good, the sincere love of God, as displayed in whole-hearted service for the temporal and everlasting salvation of our brother-men; then too, others, seeing our good works, will be won to the Christ we love, and we shall become rich towards God, rich with a wealth that Time cannot destroy and that will never fade away.



BRIGADIER MILES,

The J. B. Secretary for Great Britain.

In the course of some remarks on the claims of the children upon us, we find the following:

"When I was in Glasgow six little girls were brought up for drunkenness and indecent language. Four of them were kept in prison for four days, and the other two were released, not because they were innocent, but because they were too young to convict."

"I have had hamied to me a ship which states that upon the streets of Liverpool in one year 2,378 children were taken up by the police crowd—111 being under ten years of age."

"While conducting a series of meetings at Weymouth, on my way home on Sunday night along the promenade, I heard dozens of apparently 'respectable,' well-educated girls using the most abominable language."

"There are no doubt millions of children that never enter a Sunday school. And then, too, the religious aspect is only one side of this gigantic question."

"The children of our Territory, too! not perhaps so bad as some of the above, are nevertheless equally as much in need of our help. The great question of '96 is the children. They must be saved. Will you help us?"

Mrs. Commandant Booth

At Owen Sound.

RE-OPENING OF BARRACKS

MRS. BOOTH, after many pressing invitations, has paid a visit to the pleasant town of Owen Sound. The First Methodist church was placed at her disposal, and a large and appreciative audience greeted her. Salvationists and friends drove in from surrounding corps as many as thirty and forty miles. The chair was taken by J. Miller, Esq., a staunch and reliable friend of the Army. The Rev. A. Brown expressed his pleasure in being able to place the church at the disposal of a visitor so distinguished.

The visit was on the occasion of the re-opening of the barracks, after undergoing thorough renovation.

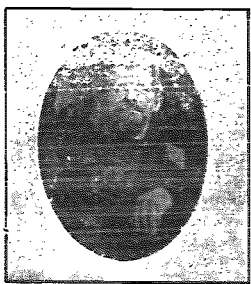
Mrs. Booth held the audience through a long and interesting account of the Social and Rescue operations of the Army in England, and more especially in Canada. By her pointed anecdotes, her statistics, with their marvellous force, but more especially by her singing, Mrs. Booth enlisted the sympathy of her attentive listeners, to some of whom, no doubt, the Army appeared in a light they had never viewed it before.

Mrs. Booth commented on the untiring efforts of Ensign Green and his aides, who have worked with zealous energy to produce the excellent improvement in the hall. May it be the scene of the salvation of a great multitude of men and women, who shall have cause to praise the Lord for the day when the new barracks was opened to the glory of God in the name of the Salvation Army.

Preceding the meeting at the First Methodist Church, a most successful bazaar was held at the barracks, which did much credit to the friends and soldiers providing.

The press inserted full and kindly accounts of the meetings.

HURRAH, FOR THE LIGHT BRIGADE!



Brother Bailey, of Brampton.

"He has done splendidly this quarter. He is the agent for Churchville and Huttonville, has 22 boxes out, and at the last collection they contributed \$6.13, only one being empty. This was an average of 48 cents per box, which is not at all bad. I wish I had a hundred agents like him—we would beat the record!" God bless Bro. Bailey and his household family!

There is no burden which, if we lift it cheerfully, and bear it with love in our heart, will not become a blessing to us. God means our tasks to be our helpers—blessings. To shrink from a duty, or to refuse to bend our shoulders to receive a load, is to decline a new opportunity for growth—J. H. Miller.

C. S. Notes.

The Commandant is on furlough! He has been talked into a short respite from active work for the first time since assuming the directorate of the Canadian Army. Had it not been that important business called him to International Headquarters, it is safe to say that at this hour he would be on the grid-iron of hard, complicated business.

Now that we are informed that he has been compelled, much against his will, to add a few extra days to his furlough. The "St. Paul," by which his passage was booked, has been delayed owing to an accident to her machinery. This will necessitate his sailing by another steamer three days later. To a busy man like the Commandant, three precious days off the field of battle is anything but pleasant. If we give vent to our feelings, we should say we are very glad of it. We should scarcely venture to say so to his face, but as he is so far from us we will risk it. Six months' furlough, instead of three, would be more in keeping with the requirements of the case.

Mrs. Booth, I repeat, is very poorly, very. Several important appointments have had to be abandoned by the doctor's special instructions. Though not confined to her bed, she still is feeling very weak. We are very anxious about her. It is the duty of every lover of the Army to pray for her restoration. Meanwhile she gives unrelaxed attention to the administration of affairs during the Commandant's absence.

Major Morris, after an absence from England of eight years, has accompanied the Commandant on a brief tour. He is looking forward with eagerness to seeing once more his aged mother, who has well-nigh seen the summers of a century. God bless the old lady who gave us Major Morris for the Army. The remarks we that he himself has gone not one but two better than that, for already three of his boys are actively engaged in pushing on the glorious war. One is the accountant at Headquarters, another is secretary to the Chief Secretary, while the third is an assistant in the Trade department. Mrs. Morris, too, is an active officer, and a useful adviser to the Major.

Major Collier has had his duties somewhat extended. In addition to the Social Secretaryship, which position he has filled for some time past, the Commandant has appointed him Field Auditor. This post will give him a wide range of oversight. The office is an important one, and will fill a long-felt want at the Territorial Headquarters.

A small staff change will take effect at the first of the year. It will take in Kingston, Barrie, Hamilton, the Temple, and several other places. There are rumors of a no less important character at H. Q. Every officer should know where his cap hangs, in readiness for a sudden call.

HERE'S A GOOD 'UN!

Has any band or troupe in the Dominion raised more money for Scotland than Montreal I. brass band? They brought in \$110 for 13 men, gathered within 12 days.

Has any person done better than Mother Lewis of Montreal I? She is over 70 years old, and her collection during the twelve days reached \$65. Her highest single donation was \$2.

Have any other twelve soldiers this side of Winnipeg beaten the record of the same number picked from Montreal I, whose subscriptions totalled \$248? No Field, Divisional, or Provincial Officers to be amongst the number.

Frauds counterfeit money, and the devil counterfeits Christianity.

Headquarters' Happenings

By the bursting of a steam valve on board the American Line steamer *St. Paul*, at Pier 11, North River, five men were scalded to death, and five others were so badly scalded that they had to be taken to the hospital. This delayed the Commandant's departure from New York by about three days.

Bursting open an envelope which lay on the editorial desk, we spied a dainty white card with silver letters, "Rose"—"Ellis." On further unfolding, we found an invitation to the wedding of the above-named, and the text, "Jesus! That in all things He might have the pre-eminence." May God prosper and speedily bless the two when they are one.

New Cadets! Mrs. Ensign Matthy, Lindsay, a lassie; Mrs. Captain Stanforth, Huntville, another lassie, and Mrs. Captain Fisher, Galt, a lassie again.

Promotions: Ensign Stewart, Montreal, to Adjutant; Captain Adams, Trade, to Ensign; Captain Cowden, Ottawa, to Ensign; and Lieut. Perkins, Trade, to Captain. Congratulations all round!

Hurlers' Band collected \$50 for S.-D. while on the train.

In answer to a letter from our worthy Trade Secretary, asking a certain person to pay up and look big, a postcard with the following was received:

Dear Comrade,—
St. Matthew, xviii. 29.

Everybody look it up!

Another wedding! You all know big Captain Crawford, eh? Well, he'll be at Riverside about New Year's, and also Captain L—. Look out for report. Much happiness to both parties.

INVALIDS. Ensigns Gibbs and Scott are on a month's furlough. Captain Creamer and Lieut. Westover are recovering. The Lieutenant struck her arm while working a pump and had to undergo an operation.

The frequenters of the Toronto Shelter are being treated to a free Christmas dinner. The business houses have liberally given a great deal of assistance, both in cash and kind.

There is a Staff and Field change in the Central, affecting 25 corps.

RELOCIE changes: Adjutant Cowan to London, Adjutant Stewart to Parkdale, Ensign Cowden to Montreal, and Ensign Ward to Ottawa.

Practical! Mr. Bullock, of St. John, N. B., has offered to give \$1,800 towards the purchase of a Resolute in that city. God bless him!

It will no doubt interest our readers to know that the individual who forms the subject of our front page story is now occupying the trust-worthy position of cashier and book-keeper at one of our Social Institutions for men in the Dominion, and is doing well.



AN OLD TIMER.

Adjutant Manton, now busily employed in the Trade Office, told us this morning he was the first commissioned businessman in the Army in Canada, and the first to beat an Army drum over its soil. Hurrah for the pioneer!

INTERNATIONALISMS.

The latest candidate in Gampola, Ceylon, was, before his conversion, a famous devil-dancer.

Re-informations are being sent to assist Adjutant Ellis in his fast-developing work in Gibraltar.

A home for factory girls is being opened in Christiansburg, Norway, similar to the one in Stockholm, Sweden. In the Wide Bay district, Australia, Brigadier Jeffries recently swore in seven colored people, two of whom were aboriginals and the rest South Sea Islanders.

Holland's Self-Denial total this year amounted to about \$5,000.

In India, seven of our Blue soldiers are going out as officers.

Denmark is sending two men officers to help in the Iceland warfare.

An Infidel of fifteen years' standing has been converted in British Guiana. Marston, a city of 32,000 inhabitants, is among the latest openings in Denmark.

The British warship *Magdeleine* has a crew that is partly made up of Salvationists.

At an anti-drink demonstration conducted in Newcastle, England, eighteen converted drunkards were on the Army platform, who represented 380 years of disqualification. All were brought to Jesus in the Army.

There are now over 600 soldiers on the roll in British Guiana, and Adjutant Wilgory reports an attendance of over 300 at the weekly soldiers' meeting. Finery and feathers are fast giving way for uniform.

A couple in Salto, Argentina, who were living together unmarried, brought their child to the Army to be dedicated. The officers explained that they must be saved first themselves. Their true position came out; they got saved, the child was dedicated, and they are now legally married.

Park City, California, has been successfully opened by the S. A. Crowds come to the hall.

The J. S. war in South Africa is receiving much attention. Commissioner Ross is determined to get up a real solid work.

Captain Brink, of Capetown II, has a regular audience of military people from the garrison near. Many of these soldiers have been captured.

Ensign Samson is a champion War Cry bomber in South Africa. He averages 233 per week.

STATE NEWS.

At Sea Cliff, N.Y., the Captain kept the prayer meeting going so far late the night that the lamps went out for lack of oil. At the close six souls were able to testify to the mercy of a new-found Saviour.

The soldiers of San Francisco II. are holding on alone in the absence of officers. During two weeks twenty souls have been saved and War Cry and finances kept up.

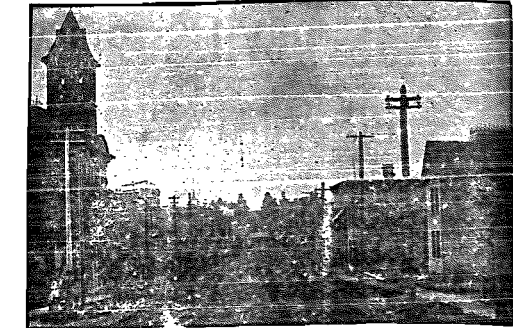
Ensign McFee has secured the Wigwam Theatre, San Francisco, for the Christmas dinner for the poor; the Spring Valley Water Company, which owns the building, having kindly lent it for the occasion.

Rockville, Conn., has had no officers for a long time, and was practically closed by headquarters, but the soldiers have gone right along with the work. The meetings have been held regularly, War Cry boomed, and God is blessing the workers. Two of the soldiers are women, aged 80 and 65 years.

At the request of the principal, Joe the Turk recently visited the public schools in Cleveland, Ohio, and sang and played several Salvation Army songs for the scholars. The children were much interested in Joe's clarinet, cornet, and saxophone.

Nearly all the members of New London, Conn., are attending the meeting held in connection with the opening of a new Army hall in that city.

Brigadier Fielding is taking a large hall near the centre of Chicago, in which will be conducted monster



CHESLEY MAIN STREET.

noon-day holiness meetings once a week.

A man who tried to commit suicide some time ago recently attended a meeting at San Francisco I, where he became convicted of his sins. Before the meeting closed he knelt at the pulpit, and arose a new man in Christ Jesus.

Comrade Wikstrom, who runs a printing office at San Francisco, has been in the habit of placing a War Cry in his shop window each week. A young man gave a bright testimony at San Francisco VI. to the fact that he had been saved through reading it through the glass from the sidewalk.

Captain White, in charge of an Eastern corps, recently arranged a special meeting, and announced far and near that on a certain night he would expose the biggest liar in town. One day, before the meeting, a man drove up, and insisted upon the Captain telling him if it was he who was to be exposed. He said that if his name was given out he would bring suit for damages against the Army for at least \$2,000. He went away relieved when the Captain told him that it was not he but the devil who was to be exposed as the biggest liar. Conscience compels people to know themselves.

SOUL-SAVING.

A Word for 1896, from Ensign Holman, of the Women's Shelter, Toronto.

Many times I hear people say that they wonder why more sinners do not get converted, but I do not look at it in a strange light at all; it is simply because the Great Light is dim in their own hearts, and their minds are blind through unbelief, etc. Sometimes I think I would like to see all those that do not live in the light of full salvation and have not the fire of the Spirit within, instead of finding fault with sinners for not coming.

WAIT FOR A PENTECOST:

The result would be better, and let those who are alive to God go ahead and bring in the sheaves. In the Rescuer work I find the very same power is required there, and the same grace is needed. Oftentimes while in this work I have been thankful to God that I learnt the way.

TO WAIT ON GOD

Before coming into it, I find He never fails. I have been stirred from the depth of my heart to see the lives of sinners whom the Lord had intended to be pure and good, who have drifted by sin so low that without the light of Jesus would shine in, there could be no earthly remedy. It is quite easy for some people to stand off and say, "Why don't they seek themselves up, and do different," and "I have no sympathy for such people at all," but I would like to know where some of our readers today might have been had not God wisely dealt with them and surrounded them by kind associates and kind friends, who loved them always, no matter how great a sinner they were. I have seen. I find the best way to lead others right is by living in the light ourselves, and keep the lire burning within.

ENSEIGN MAGGIE HOLMAN.

BATTLE ECHOES

FROM ALL LANDS.

Commissioner McKie is visiting International Headquarters as regards the affairs of Germany.

We understand that the Chief-Staff is engaged upon a review of the Social Work for the Year.

Commissioner Cadman's daughter, Staff-Capt. Cadman, has just been married to Staff-Capt. Clinton. Since the starting of the General's Social Science, the London, England, Sisters have provided beds for 4,900,000 persons.

At a little badly distilling town in Denmark, called Hobro, the only brand of tea sold at the Railway Refreshment Rooms is S. A. tea. It is highly popular.

Several changes and advances have been determined upon in Belgium, where there seems as good prospect of accomplishing as satisfactory and successful work among the Flemish population as has already commenced among the French.

All should pray just now for Colonel and Mrs. Lawley. Another severe domestic blow has fallen upon them. Mrs. Lawley having just lost her mother. It is less than twelve months ago that we recorded the death of her father.

We have a corps in Malmberget, Lapland, fifty miles inside the Arctic Circle. It has been opened less than a year, but a glorious work has been commenced among the iron miners, nearly 100 of whom are soldiers. A splendid hall has been built, purposely for the Army, which is the only society in the settlement.

It is said that the Army, by its work among the Maoris of New Zealand, has materially assisted in preserving the maintenance of the Maori tongue, which was fast dying out through disease. This extraordinary fact is accounted for by the Army's practical use of the Bible, which has been translated into Maori.

The Chief of Pondoland, South Africa, recently attended a Salvation Army meeting, and was so much interested that he requested the officers to hold another next day. It was held in the court-yard before a large crowd of natives. The chief was on hand and had his secretary interpret every word into the Pondomoe language. The meeting was held in the village of Kokstad, South Africa, where the chief was visiting. He is going back to his land to tell his tribe all about it, and we may soon expect a call for officers to open our work in Pondoland.

A short time ago a disappointed young man, of a noble and true of mind, knelt at the pulpit form in Worcester, South Africa, and got beautifully converted. He had previously been a terror to the community, and when the chief constable heard that he had joined the Salvation Army, he was so pleased that he promised the captain that he would give her five shillings for the work. A note to him from Capt. Media tells us that the young man is going on well, that the chief constable has cheerfully paid up the five shillings, and has expressed his willingness to give five shillings for every sinner captured made by the Army. It saves trouble. See him policeman!

West Ontario Province.

GALT—Victory! victory! is the song we sing. Just closed one of the best weeks of our success. Our Juniors' Jubilee a success. Those who took part deserve special praise. We had recitations, dialogues, solos, hymns and singing, until sunset, and speeches. Sergt.-Major Egerton deserves credit for the way she is working with the children. We all pray, God prosper the Junior work.—Joe.

NORWICH—We have had Ensign Miller and Self-Denial Praying Gang with us for Saturday and Sunday, at Norwich, and also at two of the villages. We had to work. Good meetings, very good collections.—Howe and wife, Capt.

TIEDEBOLD—We arrived here some few weeks ago, just in time to drop into Self-Denial harness. We have a heart-hearted little band of soldiers, who are one with us in this effort to lift the fallen. A kind Roman Catholic friend of ours took a collecting card and raised the neat little sum of \$5.40. God bless him! One soul has sought Christ since coming here.—Capt. Brant.

TILSONBURG—We have had some beautiful times of late. A few souls have been saved. The meetings were good all day Sunday. Pivo came out for sanctification.—Capt. and Mrs. Clark.

WILKINSON—Our half-past five knecrills have been well attended, and blessed by God. The Life of Mrs. Booth, on Thursday, was a success. The people were pleased with the service. Sunday's meeting commenced at 6 a.m., and three souls yielded to the strivings of the Spirit at night. Monday night topped it all. We had a halliciah wedding. George Scott, of Wardsville, and Clara Augusta Lewis, of London, were united before God and the war. A good crowd was present to witness the proceedings. Ensign Creighton sang a solo. Adjutant Taylor read the lesson, and gave an interesting picture of the occasion. Adjutant Turner then read the Army rules in regard to marriage, told the contracting parties to stand forward, Sister Susie Chambers acting as bridesmaid, Lieut. G. Smith as groomsmen. The knot was tied, then man and wife testified. The Adjutant asked the bridegroom if he enjoyed married life. He said, "I do, and I'm glad to be here." We all hope and pray that he will always enjoy married life, and that God will bless the union and make them a power for good in the salvation of souls.—G. S. for Ensign Richardson.

WILKINSON—Our esteemed correspondent, Ben. Taylor, writes, "I was in a poetical report of the Self-Denial Brigade tour. We are absolutely compelled to deny our readers the pleasure of reading this third lack of space. Keep believing, comrades! The train will arrive in the district, in charge of Ensign Miller, and had some glorious times."

East Ontario Province.

PERTH—Thank God for victory! Our troops are marching on. Self-Denial target knocked end-ways, almost doubled. One soul for sanctification on Sunday afternoon, and another notorious drunkard got saved at hand practice. Here's a couple of testimonials from ex-drunks: "Well, friends, I suppose you have come to the conclusion that this is only a way to win it with a war. Come and get saved. The more the merrier. Thursday night they sent the 'press gang' Friday night I took the shill-shill Saturday night I got my unit, and Sunday was a full dress soldier. One drunk, speaking of his saved pal, said he had passed the rifle and got the sword, and now all he has to do is to keep it bright. Teepee and Howdy O's."

WATERLOO, P.Q.—Praise God, we are able to report one soul for God and the Army. Adjutant Meece has with lantern. An "out-of-the-out" convert, with the Saturday night's Self-Denial target reached. Halliciah—J. Williams, Captain.

PETERBORO—Saturday night and all day Sunday we had with us Captain and Mrs. Larner. We enjoyed their visit very much. We had a nice meeting three stepped out on the



A STREET SCENE IN DILLON, MONT.

The work is encouraging here. One of the worst drunkards and tobacco users got saved. After using tobacco 35 years, he gave it up for Jesus, and now tells people to try the salvation cure. One saloon has closed, and there

promises. Halliciah! In the afternoon we had the red man from the north and his wife. High times, you may be sure. Two souls came to Jesus at the close. At night a powerful time. Four souls at the cross.—Sergt. May Lang.

KINGSTON—Last Sunday afternoon Major Morris took the meeting previous to his going on a business trip to England. He was in his usual happy mood and between him and the brass band the long line of march was almost an unbroken strain of music and song. Inside the hall, the meeting was of a stirring nature. The Major read from Isaiah xxxv, and asked those present how many hearts were made glad by these verses, and proceeded to dish up verse after verse well seasonally punctuated by original remarks. The testimonies were not frozen, or even cool. Sergt. Mrs. Babcock shouted "Glory!" the Major danced, and the crowd sang. Staff-Captain Southern spoke about the journey of life to eternity, and Mrs. Morris urged everyone present not to get unprepared on that journey. May God bless the Major on his trip, and bring him safely home to us again, and we will give him a real Kingston welcome back.—W. Ritchie, Ensign.

HUNTINGDON—We have just celebrated our fourth anniversary. In this place; also the anniversary of the opening of the new barracks. We wish us Captains Brady and Fletcher to lead on the way. On Saturday night we had a musical meeting. Sunday afternoon and night, real religion. Good verses. Monday night Captain Plester gave us a short sketch of his life's history, which brought before us once more the great power of God to lift a man from a life of degradation. We enjoyed the visit of our comrades very much, and trust we shall have the pleasure of meeting with them again.—(No Name).

WESTERN PROVINCE.

EDMONTON— "Well, Captain, I have called to hear how the War goes in Edmonton. May I ask you a few questions?" "Certainly." "How did you get along with Self-Denial?" "Very good, considering hard times." "What special meetings did you have that week?" "We had a drunkard's Demonstration, Profit and Loss, a singing battle, uniform service on life of his life, and a Brothers' Meeting." "Do you think the Army is needed here?" "Yes." "Have you any idea why the people won't stay for prayer-meetings?" "I think they are afraid they will get caught in the net." "How is finance?" "Do you get enough to pay expenses?" "Yes, the corps is free of debt." "Thank you. I guess that will do. Good-night." "Stop and have a word of prayer first."—J. K. Hay, Sergt.

MOOSEJAW—Praise God for victory. Self-Denial has been a complete success here. Our target was \$75, but over \$100 has been collected. This indeed is victory. We are having good meetings.—J. H. Munn, for Capt. Dwyer and Lieut. Aulerson.

Central Ont. Province.

PARRY SOUND—Quarters broken into while officers were away collecting for Self-Denial and a bag of vegetables deposited beside the stove. Meetings good all day Sunday. At night two souls tumbled in the crimson flood. Both road cases. Halliciah win-at-up. Officers and soldiers dancing happy.—Magpie.

LISGAR STREET—We have had the Blood and Fire Brigade with us. Splendid meetings. Our hearts were sad, for we lost one of our brightest "Sunshines" in Sister Fanny Dowers. She faredwell for the fold. But our loss will be the Army's gain. On Sunday we had Major Compa with us. Good meetings all day. "Come again, Major."—C. H. Brown, R.C.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

DILLON, MONT.—We are still marching on here and gaining ground on the enemy. This week we have induced three of his followers to leave his service and enter the ranks of the Self-Denial army. Who are fighting for King Jesus. Still there more to come. Halliciah! — E. Brierly, Captain.

MISSOULA, MONT.—The heavenly gales are blowing bringing with them the fragrance of the celestial country. This was our Monday night's experience: Mother Wesley is so old and infirm she cannot go to meetings, so we decided to have a meeting at her home. Sister said in her testimony she had not been to a meeting for four years, but the dear Lord had not left her, but had saved her from her idols. Sunday night the dear Lord pardoned two precious souls and sent them on their way rejoicing. Our Captain is not very tall, but, my! she's got a long reach. She placed our Self-Denial target so high that it almost knocked the courage out of us. Sunday night O. asked if she thought we could hit it. But we thought about it in the right way, and—target, did you say? We have smashed it all to pieces. Next year we will have to get a new one.—Your Comrade, for Captain Corlett.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

HILLSBORO' CIRCLE CORPS—The past week we have been collecting for the Self-Denial Fund. We went over our target, and got \$40. We are now having fairly good meetings. Last week a young man who had attended our meetings for some time, was suddenly called to meet his God. He was working as a plaster quarry, when the plaster fell crushing the unfortunate young man to death.—Day and Buffet.

NEWCASTLE—Self-Denial week has gone, but accounts are not quite so bright. We had the S.D. gallop-in on Thursday. We are working for better times in the future.—Carrie Reeves, L.A.B.

SYDNEY MINES—Revival. Three souls last night, five the week previous. We are preparing for a great break in the devil's ranks.—Cadet Rogers, for Captain Curry.

STARLIGHT.

A WORD FOR 1896.

CHRIST is ever present with His people. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii. 20—is His most sure promise. Let us seek to realize it ever more and more. It has been well remarked that some Christians only enjoy "starlight." They get glimpses of Christ SOMETIMES.

That would not satisfy ME. That would not satisfy ME. Some, again, have a brighter experience, which may be compared to moonlight; while others bask in the sunshine of Christ's continual presence.

Dear Salvationist comrades, may God's good Spirit enable us to live ever closer and closer to Jesus—enable us to look up into those dear eyes, which are watching over us and guarding us from evil, look up constantly into the blessed face of our Christ, and live in the sunshine of His loving smile. In Jesus, in Jesus alone, is safety, usefulness, happiness. The late Maria Simpson.

Newfoundland Province.

BIRD ISLAND COVE, N.F.L.D.—The devil has told us it's no use trying to get souls saved. They are too hard-hearted, and there are many people of the same opinion, but we held on until we got the victory. Thursday night we had an old-time rouser. We gave Happy Bill a welcome home, and had the pleasure of seeing one prodigal return to the fold. Halliciah! —Sergt.-Major Hobbs, for Capt. Cobb.

ST. JOHN I.L., N.F.L.D.—We are having good crowds all the week. On Wednesday evening we had a very special Trades Union meeting. It went with a bang, everybody was delighted. At the close two poor wanderers came to their Father's home and were welcomed with shouts and dancing.—Lieut. A. G. Brown.

BURIN, N.F.L.D.—Hurrah for Self-Denial! We shall reach our target. It seemed nothing but defeat at first, but God is making the crooked things straight and darkness light before us. A visit from Ensign Payne and Lieut. Green—the Lord helped the Ensign to deal with the people for eternity. We are believing for a smash soon. May God give us a combustible time, is our prayer.—Anne Keen.

OLD PERLAMON—Halliciah! Victory is our motto. Since last report seven precious souls have sought and found mercy. On Friday night we had with us Mrs. Sharp, assisted by Ensign Creighton. Quite a number came along to hear Mrs. Sharp, it being her first time here, and although feeling very tired, she was able to spend some length of time in dealing out the story of the cross with much clearness. —Lieut. Shepherd, for Capt. Bradbury.

PELLEY'S ISLAND.—Yesterday week we had one in the Fountain, a Junior. Thursday night we had Ensign with us. Two more souls at the cross. One didn't get through, but the other related that Jesus had pardoned him. Yesterday, Sunday, Ensign with us all day. Good times. In the afternoon we had a dedication, and a grand time. At night, although old Sunday was very dry, had three more from his claws. I tell you, Mr. Editor, we mean work.—Cadet Richard Pugh, for C.G.C.

CARBONAR, N.F.L.D.—Our cry on Sunday night was like that of Jacob! "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." The devil thought to discourage us by sending along some of his agents, but, in spite of it all, one dear girl, who some time since had given God her heart, came through the curses, and on the, and blasphemous language her father used because she had done so, felt back, came and knelt at Jesus' feet and cried for mercy. She rose to her feet and gave testimony that God had saved her, and that her father was sorry for what he had done. "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath." We rejoice that two more souls for the week.—Captain William Parsons.

The Bible is always a new book to those well acquainted with it.

THE WEEK'S BUDGET OF SONGS.

Here's a Song for any Meeting you like.

Sunday Afternoon Corner.

Tunes—"Meet in Hides," B.J. 79; "I'm believing and receiving," B.J. 63.
I'm a soldier in the fight,
In the war I find delight.
I am happy as can be,
For the Lord has made me free.

Chorus.

I am happy, glad and free,
For the Saviour dwells with me,
I will live His child to be,
And then go home to reign.

I will be a soldier true,
Nearer the yellow, red, and blue,
On to conquer I will go,
In His name I'll face the foe.

I will be a soldier brave,
Tell of Jesus' power to save;
Foot rest, dying souls I'll bring
To the feet of Christ, my King.
—Lieut. Way, Lascar Street.

Tunes—"The man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo."
(Sent for the Canadian Cry.)

Just let to me a moment while a song to you I sing,
For the glory of my King, for the glory of my King,
Long I wandered on in sin, but the Saviour took me in,
Now I'm saved and happy, marching on to Heaven.

Chorus.

I'm as happy as can be, Christ is everything to me,
He is everything to me, He is everything to me;
Now my many sins are gone, and He daily leads me on
To that place where He is sitting up my mansion.

Oh, how well do I remember how I tramped the downward road,
Very weary of my load, very weary of my load.

Then I came with weary feet to the cleansing stream so sweet,
And He set me on this hallelujah way.

When His will on earth I've done, and the final victory's won,
I shall then go shouting home, I shall then go shouting home;
For I have a home above in the country of love.

Sinner, won't you join this glorious host with me?
—Major Baugh.

For Friday Night and Sunday Morning.

Tunes—"Boston," B.J. 107; "It was on the cross," B.J. 17; "With putting heart," B.J. 6; or, "I can, I do believe in Thee," B.J. 66.

3 My heart's best love to Thee I turn,
For grace and power, Thou wilt not turn;
Oh, fill my heart with Holy Fire,
So in the light I'll never tire.

What if my path down here be rough,
And lonely, then, Thou art enough;
I'll look to Thee, my Friend, my Guide,
I'll lay me in Thy wounded side.

So, plodding on from day to day,
I'll never climb the narrow way,
I'll never think of self at all,
For Thou to me art all in all.

Oh, fill me now with love Divine,
For I am, Saviour, only Thine;
Make me in this dark world to shine,
And all the glory shall be Thine.
E. E. CLAXTON.

Tunes—"The wild cowboy," "Lion of Judah," or "Harvest is passing."

4 I'll sing of the Fountain
That flows from the mountain
Of Calvary, where Jesus His blood
shed for me;
I'll sing of His healing,
And of His kind dealing,
To bring to this Fountain a sinner
like me.

Chorus.

'Tis my heart's highest glory
To sing the sweet story
Of love and salvation so full and so free.

I cannot regret it,
Nor can I forget it,
This Fountain has washed a poor sinner
like me.

This Fountain's a treasure,
Which gives sweetest pleasure,
Its water doth sparkle with love
that's Divine;

Such love that it sought me,
And pled till it brought me,
To see that He gave His Own life to save mine.

This Fountain doth cleanse me,
And gladly it sends me
Along the clear current of His blessed will;

And while He doth guide me,
No harm can befall me,
With rivers of peace He my spirit doth fill.
—Brigadier Margette, London.

For Salvation Meetings Only.

Tunes—"Oh, turn ye," B.J. 80; "The Lion of Judah," B.B. 60, or "Dear Jesus, I long," B.J. 59.

5 How long wilt thou harden thy heart in thy sin,
When Jesus has offered to now take you in?

His pleadings refuse, His entreaties to scorn,
His patience to try and against Him to turn?

What is thy besetment? If drink does ensnare,
There's freedom, poor sinner! no longer despair!

The Saviour is able and willing to save,
His grace will suffice, and keep thee always.

Quench not, then, the Spirit, He's pleading to-day,
Christ offers salvation, oh, turn not away!

His mercy, forbearance, forgiveness so free,
Accept, then, to-day, while it's offered to thee.

God says that His Spirit its strivings shall cease
He'll laugh at thy fear and deny thy soul peace;

Take heed to the warning, no longer delay,
Accept His salvation while yet it is day.
—H. Duncan, Montreal I.

Tunes—"John Brown's body," B.J. 49.

6 Oh, weary heart, there's rest for thee,
Come to the Lord to-day;
He only wants to make you free,
And take your sin away.

In tones of love He says to you,
"Oh, do not stay away,
I'll pardon all the past."

Chorus.

Will you come and be forgiven?
While it is called to-day.

Your sins may rise like mountains,
And the devil say, "Don't go,"
But if you come to Jesus
He will wash you white as snow;

So tarry not, but come away, before
It is too late,
He'll pardon all the past.

No one who ever came to Him
Was ever turned away,
He takes the vilest sinners in
And turns their night to day;
Come to the cross and kneel right
down, and then begin to pray,
He'll pardon all the past.
—Capt. E. Kemp, Grafton, N.D.

Salt is no good if it has lost its savor.
It is just the same with the person who loses Christ.

THE UNKNOWN (1896).

Into the unknown,
That unknown land,
Fearless I venture,
Holding His hand.

Trusting His promise,
Waiting His will,
Kept by His power
Peaceful and still.

In every danger,
Help He affords;
Living or dying,
I am the Lord's.
—M. Marriott, Toronto.

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Especially to all who may be interested in the work done by the G. B. M. Provincial and Local Agents for the alleviation of the suffering, perishing, and dying.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

Good news still comes from the battle's front with regard to the Light Brigade Scheme. The places that now know the different P. A.'s will soon know them no more—for a time, at any rate. Great and wide are the changes anticipated, and are these appears in print some of these pending arrangements will have become veritable facts. We hope there will be no "deeny" in the "change," but that Lazarus will be looked after far better in the future.

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The Pacific Province is to have a P. A. Of course it has already a "pa," but another is to be added. We feel sure that Major Friedrich will take well hold of the G. B. M. Scheme, and "the man" who pilots this glorious scheme in the Pacific Province will find that the people out there will take to it most generously. But who is this "pilot"? A little patience, dear readers, and all such secrets will be revealed. Now, ye brave Americans, take hold of this box scheme with all the zeal you possibly can.

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Captain Scobell reports that L. A. Beul, of Brantford, has over \$20 in his boxes this quarter, and at Hespeler the Captain got over \$6 from eight boxes. At Forges there were some temperance evangelists. Scobell got them to join in with the Army, and the S. A. thus got half proceeds. Town Hall was full. Ministers prayed, spoke, etc., etc., and it was altogether a huge success. As an after result, \$10 was collected for the Soldier's Deal effort. Good for Bro. Scobell! Have another similar try! Mr. Murray, a dear old Army friend living up among the B. C. mountains, has sent us \$5.75 in cash, collected by means of G. B. M. boxes. Thanks, Brother Murray! Another leading Toronto business man walked into our office a few days ago, emptied the contents of his box on our table, and took great pleasure in helping us to count it. We fixed him up with a nice new box, and he went away highly delighted.

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Mrs. Groszillo lives at Hamilton. She is a Local Agent of the G.B.M. Scheme, and the fact that she has sent us the names of ten people whom she has enrolled as Social League members goes to prove that her heart is in the Social work. God bless this dear sister in her efforts to push this branch of the war.

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Adjutant Magee sent me, a few days ago, a most peculiar looking piece of tissue paper, with instructions to ignite it at a certain spot on its surface. This I did, and fizz, fizz it went. We watched the burned outline, and lo! when it had stopped burning there appeared the face of General Booth! What next will they use for advertising purposes?

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The Social Institutions are beginning to feel the benefit of the G. B. M. proceeds. Critical minds may be glad to know that some time ago the Commandant decided to leave at these institutions the above percentage, that is, eighty per cent. of all box money got in a town where there is one or more Social Institutions shall go to the credit of the same. Already St. John, N.B., Rescue Home has materially benefited thereby.

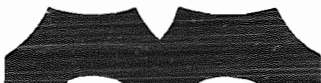
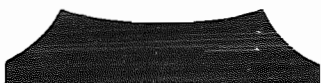
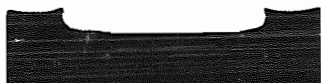
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Captain and Mrs. Pugh farrowell and go to —! Captain Bailey says good-bye to this work and takes an appointment at —! Adjutant Magee farrowells and goes to pastures new, while Edwin Ross, with his newly-wedded wife, go to —!

All these things will be revealed later on.

The Lord can make a crooked person straight.

First Week IN FEBRUARY.



February FIRST WEEK.

Eastern Notings

FOR '96.

BY BRIGADIER SCOTT.

We're getting through with S.-D. At the time of writing a few returns are in. Indications point to success. Hurrah! My S.-D. week was spent away from home this year. Visited six corps, travelled 500 miles, conducted 24 meetings, out-door and in, besides marches made five visits, did 20 interviews, wrote 24 letters and postcards, and arrived home tired in the war, but not of it.

Pretty hard week, though, of soul-saving. What with one thing and another it seemed mighty hard to get a move on in this direction. Yet we'll believe for victory. Still, a fellow likes immediate results, don't he? However, "we shall reap in due season if we faint not," and "He giveth power to the faint."

THREE MONTHS' CAMPAIGN!

Plans and arrangements are being made for the three months' campaign. Having got clear of S.-D., we are going to set to work for some definite results, and set targets before us for three months. More of this anon.

BERMUDA.—January 2nd will see the party organized and leaving Halifax for the fair city of Hamilton. Lieut. Davis Smith is down there, and writes enthusiastically as to the prospects for the Army. As to who is going, watch the Cry.

Would you like to help us? We don't travel free down that way, consequently a good sum of money is needed for the outfit. Can you spare a donation?

Musical instruments of all kinds thankfully received. Drums, tamborines, guitars, autoharps, cymbals, etc., will be received, and so towards beaming things down that way.

Who will help? Will you?

What do the Eastern comrades think of Try's notes. I think Try would do better if there were more names to try from. Try will try, but if you will help her to try, her try will be all the better. What about your name, Captain, Lieutenant, and comrades in general? Come along; surely we can increase our roll of honor. Be quick, send your name on time.

What about uniform? We have a good stock in St. John. Some brand new motties. They're fine—almost all shapes and sizes, and all kinds of motties. Any brother want a greenery, or a pair of S's, or any sister want a good hallooah bonnet, or a full outfit for the New Year? Write to the Brigadier, St. John.

What about a New Year's gift? We have some publications—Mrs. Booth's Life, the General's works, etc., all interesting and edifying, and will do your soul good. Buy from us and help on the war. Amen! The Army for ever!

At the time of writing, Adjutant Gage is in Cape Breton visiting the corps there. The two new openings, i.e., Gloucester and Sydney Mines, are coming on nicely. Well done! Go in for souls, comrades.

Right down glad we were to hear of the results of the recent case in Toronto. The Army having been vindicated in such a manner sent our spirits up, and led us to send a mighty prayer of praise to God for this victory. We have prayed for the Commandant, and now thank God for this result. Farewell of officers is coming on. Who . . . ?

Sorry to say Captain Stelper is ill, also Captain Peany. God bless these comrades. Others are needing largesse. The Lord's work must go on. We must have more officers.

What about you? What about your application? Candidates wanted. Men and women of fire, and plenty of red-hot religion about them. Men and women to fight for God and souls, bearing the cross, despising the shame for the joy that is set before them.

Send your application to St. John. Stop! I must. Let me add that we are all well at the White House, and going on from victory unto victory.